With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live with much, much more diſmay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets, to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, replie.*
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of evill. In religion,
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambals with the wind

Upon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the ſepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beauteous ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moves me more then eloquence,
And heere chuſe I, joy be the conſequence.

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and green-eyed jealouſie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure reine thy joy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.

Baſſ. What find I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come ſo neere creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
The Painter playes the Spyder, and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in Cobwebs; but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Me thinks it ſhould have power to ſteale both his,
And leave it ſelfe unfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heres the ſcrowle,
The continent and ſummarie of my fortune.